THE LIGHT OF DAYS LONG PAST.

- The afternoon of life has come,
 Its darkening hours are here;
 The evening shadows lengthen.
 And the night is drawing near,
 To some the sky is bright, to some
 With clouds is overcast,
 But still upon our present smiles,
 The light of days long past.
- The autumn of our life is here,
 Its summer flowers are dead,
 But still the wine cup hath its charn
 And young lips rosy red,
 What though the river to the sea
 Runs steadily and fest?
 Upon its shifting waves still smiles
 The Light of Days long past.
- We meet here as we met of old,
- The songs thou used to sing.

 And care and sorrow to the winds
 Defiantly we fling.

 Unchanged by time and circumstances,
 Our notonday friendship last
 And on our narrowing circle smiles
 The light of days long past.—Albert Pike

SOCIAL AMBITION.

Table Talk in New Orleans Picagune Last night when tea was well over and the editor had set his briar root pipe agoing, he began to talk:

'It's curious what personal sacrifices people will make to win a little social succes; what hard empty, friendless lives they will lead for the sake of leaveing money for lawyers to fight about. "I've got a friend-nice woman, moth-

er of a fine family-whose whole life has been one struggle to get into fashionable society. To wear satin gowns, and trail into drawing rooms on the arm of some social grand mogul is her idea of earthly bliss. To be on speaking terms with the De Veres is honor enough for her, and to this end she devotes her money, her time, and all her little talents, Her life is a smirk, a smile, a would-be coquettish flourish of her fan, and an open larceny of the ill-fitting airs, opinions and manners of her betters. I'm behanged if I don't believe she sleeps with that smirk and smile on her painted lips, her fan handy and her best decollete dress spread out on a chair ready at a moment's notice in case the DeVeres should call. Happy? I suppose so. The milliners and store walkers greet her at an angle of fortyfive degrees, and at the last charity do-ings the DeVeres invited her to send her man servant to wait at table in the refreshment room. That was quite friendly, you know. Although the De-Veres have a habit of saving their own horses and servants when they can have the use of somebody elses on such occa-

"Have you ever noticed old So-and So's fine house in the very heart of the fashionable French quarter? I saw him this morning pricing a peach on Char-tre street. But the old woman, his wife, caught him by the arm and said, "No, no, what do you want to do that for?" "I thought she might like it," said he. "Hush you old fool! have you forgotten? She's dead," and then the old couple moved on making their way eaving me to gaze after them, summing up the strange story of their lives and piously thanking the Lord that I haven't

piously thanking the Lord that I haven't what you call the greed of gold.

"Years ago, old So-and-So and his wife, a fine shapely woman, a screw in disposition, a terror to dependents, a deduced attractive woman to the world in general, kept a small shop in the French town. I've picked up many a lovely trifle and quaint bit of crystal or porcelain in that shop.' Always had to porcelain in that shop.' Always had to pay a rattling price for it though, for they were sharp people and none knew the value of goods better. They had a daughter whom they had sent to England to relations to be educated, and when her school days were over, and she came back to her plodding, moneygetting, misery father and mother it was getting, misery father and mother it was like planting a lily in a gutter. A lovely, refined young woman—a very English rose—fragile and pure, and high-spiritshoved her to the front and kept then selves hid in the barkness and squalor and went on coining money—coining i out of people's hearts sometimes, I'n afraid. I went to the shop one day; musty, dusty litter of books and tal and crockery ware that it was, too, and

the old woman, with a fine, affectionate gesture, drew the cover off of a marvelous marble table, with an exquisite Roman band of rich mosaic set in the shining black surface, 'I've been twenty years buying it, she said almost in a whisper: "Twenty years, and I've gone twice a year for twenty years. always offering the same price and they falling a little in their's and selling me other things to keep the and selling me other things to keep the wolf off; but yesterday when I went they said: 'Take it,' And she dusted off the polished top again, and said sh would ask a hundred for it, and I looked at her with her hard, narrow face, and I daresay thought of the slow and agonizing descent to bitterest poverty of the former owners of that table that it took them twenty years to grow poor took them twenty years to grow poor enough to part with it. And then the lovely English-bred daughter came in. Sometimes that old woman, with that lovely, child, so unlike herself, so refined so intelligent, always reminded me of a straggling, scrubby, ugly thorn bush that had put forth just one exquisite, pure, white blossom. The girl seemed fond of the old couple. She would have been very gentle to them if they had let her, and she had learned all the lesson of implicit obedience that all English girls learn. Not even womanhood lessened the power of their authority over her in her eyes and they day in and day out dinned into her ears the story of her wealth, or how rich she would be when they were

gone.
"And the two old slaves worked on "And the two old slaves worked on, counting their gold, watching their store, selling their goods to connoisseurs, getting rich off the hunger and misery of others, and finally, one day, all of a sudden; marrying their sweet daughter to a swell man-about-town. A rich man, a roue, who turned with absolute delight to this high hyad high critical gibe. to this high-bred, high-spirited girl, who had all the grace and purity of a flewer The old folks dowered her spelndidly and she passed from the dust of rare old folios and quaint carved things in woods and marble to become mistress over a fine home, and to take her place in high society. For her husband, scamp, fast with women, at wine, and overcards as he had been, had never wholly lost his position in society. It is hard to position in society. It is hard to a rich man of that. "I never yet saw a rich man who was

too wicked to be a good catch. The millionaire whom no mother would marry her daughter to must be the old boy

So the old shop-keeper's lovely daughter led a charming life, her hus band adored her; she was sought by so ciety, and for her sweet sake, those two old misers moved into the grand house in the heart of the fashionable French quarters, and no longer slept in the store at nights.

Suddenly, as death with sweet pity often comes to men who have lead fast, ascivious lives, leaving them no time for the agony of vain regret, the daughter's husband died, and she wrapped in he crepe, ad with her heart dead broke went back to the old folks. Back to the old ways of implicit obedience, and the first thing she did that was demanded of her was to put all of her money in the business. "It will be all yours at the way" said the ald women.

her was to put all of her money in the business. "It will be all yours at the end," said the old woman.
"And now comes the pitiful part. That splendid mansion was no mansion at all, only a thin crust hiding the filth, the poverty, the squalor within. Only a fair outside, rotten at the core. True there was a fair appearance in hall and front parlor, but the rest of the house was absolutely bare. The high, white walls were unbroken by picture or bracket; cobwebs hung over the tall French windows, which were never opened lest the outside world might peep with amazement in. Shuck mattresses, almost innocent of cover, were piled on the floor, for the old couple, but she' had a crasy

old bedstead, taken from the store for

old bedstead, taken from the store for her. The scant, coarse meals were served in the desolate, kitchen. Who could dream, looking at that front of stone, and mahogany, and French glass, that behind the shuttered windows there was only dust and misery, and a broken-spirited woman walking, day after day, up and down the empty, echoing halls, her poor garments trailing in the dust, her thin, weak voice sometimes making passionate moan. And all day long the gray old merchants watched like fierce hawks the treasures in their store. He kept an eye to the clerk and she, closer than he, counted every coin that passed over the old desk standing in a corner in

than he, counted every coin that passed over the old desk standing in a corner in the dirt and cobwebs "Heavens! wnat a home it was they went to at night. "We eat too much" the old woman would say, as she served out the poor food at night time, and I can fancy how the glare of the one candle fell on her narrow face, as she eyed every moutful the others took; I can almost see the nitying cares with can almost see the pitying caress with which the old man and his daughter

can almost see the pitying caress with which the old man and his daughter would touch each other in that dim, bare kitchen, full of echoes, and with black beetles hurrying across the floor. And then I can see that patient face, with his splendid frame of time-touched braids of hair, and I wonder if her mind had not wandered that she so patiently endured the black shadows, the emptiness, the echoes of the big house. The hunger, the pathetic, helpless love of the old man already almost in his dotage. The complaint of the old woman, the ceaseless cry to 'eat less, to save more,' that some day when they were desd and gone she might be rich.

"One day the daughter fell sick, sick and turned with loathing from the poor bits of food the old man brought to her bedside, begging her to eat and get well. And the old woman bent over the ragged coverlids, over the tired, sad-eyed woman lying there, and whispered: 'See, Mary, see what I have for you,' and held up before the hungry, hopeless eyes a roll of bank bills as thick as your wrist. They are all for you, Mary. You must hurry and get well.'

They are all for you, Mary. You must hurry and get well. And there they stood coaxing her back to life, the old man holding the stale crusts, the old woman wild as if fighting some fierce beasts and her life was at stake, cryin out fiercely, you must get well. It is all for you.' But Mary turned her face to the wall, closed her tired eyes to the drear bare room, to the broken furniture, to the old man and woman kneeling there at her side, and so, quietly, with not even a word, with no answer to the quavering heart-broken cries, she slipped out of the world and lay with thin, peaceful hands at rest.

"A strange story is it not? And I night tell you how the old mother cried, might tell you how the old mother cried, yes, and prayed over her dead, and how in her own arms she tried to clasp the poor stiff body and bear it down stairs. Mary always had a fine spirit she muttered, she would rest ill in her grave if strangers saw how we live," and so the dead woman was carried hastily to the park it and there shrouded and coffined , and there shrouded and coffine world might not know how she ed and died

ed and died.
I so, when I saw the old mar bent double, stretching his gaunt finer that crimson cheeked peach, brning, whispering in loose diswords, that 'she' might like it, I red as a woman might, if Mary' s come back to pace through the dusty halls, to sit time between the old man and wife, leading the same dreary life, and making he old man believe that it is Mary herself. And then the wife takes

him by the arm, 'hush you old fool, she' "I wonder what killed her, that's all.
And I wonder what good can come of
that hoarded gold, and I wonder if it
pays any body to hoard up money, to
deny themselves food, clothing, doctors,
comforts, happiness, until it is too late."
And then the editor knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went back to the
demnition grind, wonder what killed her, that's all.

Personal Gossip. The father of Hon. Levi P. Morton was one of the old-time, hard thinking New

England clergymen. His salary was only \$600 a year, but on that he manonly \$600 a year, but on that he managed to give each of his six children a good education.

osted as having eloped with Mrs. James Pixley and Miss Mary Warner. The cir-cular offering \$300 reward for their discovery says "the parties have always moved in the best society, attending church and Sunday-school regularly, and will be likely to keep up the same ap pearances."

Mrs. Clark a sister of Edwin Booth, in her work, lately published, "The Elder and the Younger Booth," tells an inci-dent in the life of her father, which gains interest from the facts that it is undoubtely true. While on a trip South, on the steamer Neptune, Mr. Booth (J. B.) had one of his fits of depression, nd finally jumped overboard Flynn, the actor, who accompanied Booth on the voyage, took a small boat, in company with others, and finally suceeded in rescuipg the would-be suicide Almost the first words uttered by Booth after they drew him in were: "I say, Tom, look out! You're a heavy man; be steady; if the boat upsets we'll all be

A Grand old specimen of humanity is he Honorable Isaac Holden, of the British house of commons. He is seventy-five years of age, yet is a splended exam-ple of physical and mental vigor. He has but recently completed for himself a palace costing half a million dollars, and at a feast given upon his seventy-fifth birthday, last week, each of his half-dozen daughters found in their napkins a check for \$250,000

New York Herald: "Bishop For Methodist), who has just come out ahead n a severe fight of crysipelas, is one of he finest specimens of physical man hood in America. Tall, broad-should-ered, deep-chested, he has a complex-ion as fair as a woman's, and a blue eye as clear as can be found in the moun-tains or on the prairies. He has always pelieved that no honest man can have soo much of Gospel, roast beef, conscience and pure air, and has by his personal life

proved the soundness of his theories. Here is a new "Boston notion," and one worthy of all commendation. Jordan, Marsh & Co., the largest dry goods firm in Boston, have generously resolved to give eleven of their employes a vaca-tion, and pay their expenses of a trip to Europe, the fortunate ones being drawn for by lot. To the eleven, for others, who have served the firm continuously for twenty years, are to be added, the whole party, including the wives of some of the gentleman, numbering twenty-

Galignani tells a good story at the ex-pense of a very wealthy American who, coming to the conclusion that he needed coming to the conclusion that he needed a coat of arms, ordered one. The person to whom he gave the order was a wag an I suggested as a motto the words, "Semper nobilis omnibus benignus," which he translated freely, "Always noble and kind to everybody." His patron was pleased with it and acquiesced readily to the suggestion that on his coat of arms the notice should be represented by the

suggestion that on his coat of arms the motto should be represented by the initials of the words, as the "Senatus of populus que Romans" of the Roman Republic was represented on its banners by the initials S. P. Q. R. And it was some time before the wealthy man dis-covered that the beautiful stationery on which he and his family were writing their many epistles really bore the caption of S, N. O. B.

Mr. Jennings cables that the growing wrath of London against Gladstone's treatment of the crisis is to find voice this week in a great public meeting to protest against the present humiliation of the English name and prospective ruin to English interests in the east involved in the course of the liber-

al government. In 1864, Emerson wrote a letter to Car yle, which is uow first published in Har-ers' Weekly. One passage is significant: "I hate to write you a newspaper, but in these times it is wonderful what sublime lessons I have once and again read on the bulletin boards on the streets."

THE CLOW'S BABY

It was on the Western frontier.
The miners, rugged and brown,
Were gathered around the posters,
The circus had come to town! The circus had come to town:
The great tent shone in the darkness,
Like a-wonderful palace of light,
And rough men crowded the entrance
Shows didn't come every nighil

Not a woman's face among them; Many a face that was bad, And some that were only And some that were only vacant,
And some that were only vacant,
And some that were very sad.
And behind a canvas curtain,
In a corner of the place,
The clown, with chalk and vermllion,
Was "making up" his face.

A weary-looking woman,
With a smile that still was sweet,
Sewed on a little garment,
With a cradle at her feet. Pantaloon stood ready and waiting,
It was time for the going on,
But the clown in vain searched wildly— The "property baby" was gone.

He murmured, impatiently hunting,
"It's strange that I can not find—
There! I've looked in every corner,
It must have been left behind!" The miners were stamping and shouting,
They were not very patient men;
The clown bent over the cradle—
"I must take you, little Ben!"

The mother started and shivered, But trouble and want were near;
She lifted her baby gently,
"You'll be very careful, dear?"
"Careful! You foolish darling"—
How tenderly it was said,
While a smilo shone through the and paint—
"I love each hair of his head!"

The noise raised into an uproar,
Misrule for a time was king;
The clown with a foolish chuckle,
Bolted into the ring.
But as, with a squeak and flourish,
The fiddles closed their tune,
"You'll hold him as if he was made of

The jovial fellow nodded;
"I've a couple myself, "he said;
"I know how to handle 'em, bless you Old fellow, go ahead!"
The fun grew fast and furious,
And not one of all the crowd
Had guessed that the baby was alive,
When he suddenly laughed aloud.

Oh, that baby laugh! it was echoed
From the benches with a ring,
And the roughest customer there sprang
With, "Boys, it's the real thing!"
The ring was jammed in a minute,
Not a man that did not strive
For "a shot at holding the baby"—
The baby that was "alive!"

He was thronged by kneeling suitors
In the midst of the dusty ring,
And he held his court right royally—
The fair little baby king—
Till one of the shouting courtiers,
A man with a bold, hard face,
The talk, for miles of the country,
And the terror of the place,

Raised the little king to his shoulder,
And chuckled, "Look at that!"
As the chubby fingers clutched his hair,
Then, "Boys, hand round the hat!"
There never was such hatful Of silver, and gold, and notes People are not always penniless Because they don't wear coats.

And then, "Three cheers for the baby!" I tell you those cheers were meant,
And the way in which they were given
Was enough to raise the tent,
And then there was sudden silence,
And a gruff old miner said,
"Come, boys, enough of this rumpus!
It's time it was put to bed."

So looking a little sheepish,
But with faces strangely bright,
The audience, somewhat Ingering,
Flocked out into the night.
And the bold-faced leader chuckled,
"He was nt a bit afraid! He's as game as good-looking-

Boys, that was a show that paid!"
—Margaret Vandegrift in St. Nicholas

IN THE ROUGH. A Sketch of American Life.

CHAPTER I. On the outskirts of the town stood, whose single, dingy window looked forth the pale, sad face of Velma Roberts She was perhaps twelve years of age, but of so slight a form she appeared much younger. Her dark hair swung loosely about her neck, and great tears were

falling silently upon her ragged dress. The interior of the hut was destitute and squalid. A debased looking man, an untidy woman, and several unkempt children were gathered around the table eating supper. The quarreling of the children was interspersed by vo-ciferous scolding from the woman and oaths from the man. Velma shuddered at the coarse din of the place, and drawing from her bosom an old daguerratype she gazed long and lovingly by the fading light on the sweet, delicate feature it portrayed.

"Mother," she murmured, "I will no always be so, I will make myself like

*Velma's mother had been an orpha of worthy parentage who, oppressed by the cool injustice which the world pracices toward the poor working girl, had in her eager desire for the shelter of home, married James Roberts. She soon learned her mistake, and died leaving Velma in infancy. Her father was a man of downward tendencies, and when he married, as he soon did, a woman or a level with himself, his descent was

rapid. Velma could not remember the mother, whose gentle, aspiring nature she had inherited, but though surrounded by low associations, there was within her an inborn virtue which kept her from contamination. How to make herself like this unknown but adored mother o hers was a problem ever in her mind. She had no one to encourage her, but her young spirit struggled on and planned by itself. She wondered if peo-ple in her situation could ever be other than ignorant, untidy and comfortless if they tried very hard. She often thought of school, but she had no shoes, no fit dress, and the mention of such things brought upon her taunts from Mrs. Roberts about "wanting to strain up above the rest of the family." This woman with the instinct of low natures felt the superiority of the child and tried by every means to humble her and break

Velma had once found in a pile of rubbish in the back shed an old, dogeared arithmetic and a coverless history of the United States. These she mastered with avidity by the light of a candle in the loft and many a reprinary dle in the loft, and many a reprimand and blow did she receive for wasting precious tallow.

Velma seldom went upon the public

Velma seldom went upon the public streets, but she remembered a certain store window full of books, and once, venturing timidly to the spot, she gazed upon them open-eyed for half an hour, learning their names by heart. Suddenly the door opened and a young lad came out. As he crossed the street one of them fell noiselessly on the soft sand almost at Velma's feet. She picked it up and found it full of maps and pictures. In a twinkling it was under her tattered shawl, but it did not stay there long. She looked at it again saying sadly to herself, "He's rich and can buy another, and, oh, I want it so! But shall I begin a thief?"

Her face flushed scarlet, and, bound-

thief?"
Her face flushed scarlet, and, bounding away she soon overtook him, saying, out of breath, "Here is your book, you dropped it."

The boy thanked her, and just then his father, who had witnessed the whole scene, came up and spoke to her pleasantly.

"Little girl," he said, "I was delighted to see how honest you were when so sorely tempted. You love books? Will you go to school if I buy you some?"

"Oh yes, I will," cried the child, with sparkling eyes, then hesitating and looking down at her bare feet, "but I don't know."

"Never mind, child," said the gentle-man cheerly, "I understand. We'll make that all right, Harry, go with her and buy all the books and things she needs for school and some other books such as you like, and then meet me at Blake's." This was done, and before the girl could collect her senses, she found her-self loaded with books and going to the place appointed.

"Good bye, little girl," the gentleman said as he met them, "we are going away, but some other thing will be sent you this afternoon to help you to go to school.

this afternoon to help you to go to school Don't be shy of taking them, child; my little girl died, so take them for her sake. I hope you will get a good education, my dear, but always be good and honest, anyway—that is the best education. Good bye."

With a bounding heart Velma flew becamed with 12 pers.

With a bounding heart Velma flew homeward with happy feet. What visions passed before her excited mind! How she would study and try to grow up a refined, intelligent woman! And she would be good; yes, she was sure that was the foundation to build upon. But after all her rejoicing Velma came to grief through the view rossession of what griefthrough the very possession of what had made her so happy. When the neat shoes, bonnet and dress was sen heat shoes, bonnet and dress, was sent home, they were quickly appropriated by Mrs. Roberts to the needs of the younger children. Velma was unselfish, and, although she wept because she did not know how to go to school without then, she gave them up without remonstrance, but even this did not bring her

Her beautiful books were soon in the Her beautiful books were soon in the greasy hands of the children, who wanted to look at the pictures, and who soiled and multilated them dreadfully. Soon a dispute arose between the two youngest over a geography which was in imminent danger of being torn in pieces. Velma could stand it no longer, and gently tried to get the book, saying that she would show them the pictures, but a yell of rage was her only answer. Mrs. Roberts came in this moment, and, unreasoning and vindictive, tore the book from all, crying out, "1'll teach you to quarrel with your brothers, and set yourself up above all," she hurled it into the open fire.

Velma's eyes flashed fire and her breast heaved; darting forward she seized the book from the flames with her

seized the book from the flames with her bare hands, burning them fearfully. The others had dropped the books and come forward to view the scene. Not a word did she speak as she whirled about, word did she speak as she whirled about, not a tear started although her fragile form was trembling with pain. She stood erect like a wounded animal, at bay and desperate. All fell back ashamed before her look, and she gathered up all her books unmolested and climbed the ladder to her loft. ladder to her loft.

ladder to her loft.

Velma did not return below again that evening, but she was up with the dawn trying to mend her torn dress with her blistered hands, Her face was white and drawn with pain, but there was a resolute look in the large dark eyes. Something was going to happen. The family forbore to persecute her that morning, and even her father did not swear at her when she accidently ran not swear at her when she accidently ran against him, but great was the wonder among the children, when she washe her bare feet and put a white ruffle in the neck of her old dress. Then sh got her books and went quietly out of the house. Velma wasgoing to school. As she walked toward the town she said to herself, "I can't always live this said to herself, "I can't always live this life. I must get out of it someway. I don't know any way but to learn something, an' I will if it kills me. Is' pose I look awful in this old sun bonnet, but my dress is whole and folks' bare feet can't be so very bad if they are clean."

But when she timidly drew the schoolhouse it was surrounded by neatly dressed children, few of whom she knew, and saw the sneering looks of some, and significant whispers of others, she began to

saw the sneering looks of some, and significant whispers of others, she began to feel the oppression of shame.

Some of the ruder ones openly jeered at her and made fun of her clotnes. Three or four little scamps of boys snatched her bonnet, and had a great time putting it on a pole and playing Gesler and William Tell. The sensitive child was so overwhelmed with rainf that she was so overwhelmed with grief that she shrank ignominously into a corner where she remained until the bell rang. She then slipped in unnoticed, and took a back seat, where she soon forgot her troubles in glimpse her first was placed in a low class at first, but so narked was her progress that she was rapidly advanced. So intent was her mind when she looked upon the printed page, the words seemed to burn themselves into her memory. Thus passed several months which in school life were constant success and pleasure. Her kind heart and modest ways won her many kiud friends, while the envious

still made her a target for their petty One afternoon, after a new promotion, she had started homeward, planning as she went how to get the needed books. She was walking on, quite abstracted, when she was suddenly roused by a shout and the angry reply of a voice she knew too well. She saw a group of men and boys standing around some object lying just off the sidewalk. Her heart almost stopp? I beating as she pressed through the throng and saw that her father had fallen intoxicated on the snow and was trying to go to sleep, while snow and was trying to go to sleep, while some boys were tickling him with a straw and laughing loudly at his futile efforts

and imprecations.

She dashed to his side and the boys "Let him alone!" she cried, "don't you dare touch him, you cowards,"
Then she tried to help him rise.
"Come father," she said, gently tugging at his bulky form, "Pet us go home. Try to stand up." o stand up.

As soon as he staggered to his feet he began shaking his fist at those around. On beholding his daughter with his bloodshot eyes and thinking in his drunken stupor that she must be connected in some way with his disgrace, he glared at her, crying, "I'll teach you, you huzzy, to make fun of your poor old dad before all these folks!"

So saying before anyone say his in-

So saying, before anyone saw his in tention, he struck Velma a terrible blow on the temple with his powerful first Blood flowed in torrents from her face Blood flowed in torrents from her face and she sank down upon the snow apparently lifeless. Partially sobered, her father began to cry in a maudlin way and asked who hur, his poor girl.

Then it was a young girl forced her way among the paralyzed by-standers to Volma's side and raised up her head. The newcomer's golden hair floated over rich furs, and her face was fair—too fair for earth.

"She is not dead," said Agnes Duns nore; "take her into the docters office.
This was done, and, thanks to the kind This was done, and, thanks to the kindhearted old physician's care, she soon revived, but was unable to raise from the lounge on which she had been placed. When she opened her eyes she saw Agnes bending over her, and her face flushed as she recognized the daughter of the principal saloon keeper of the place to whose traffic her father's intoxication had been due. Tears filled the eyes of the gentle Agnes as Velma turned away with an involuntary gesture of repulsion, and bending down she said impulsively. "Oh, I hoped I should find a friend in you! Don't despise me. I can't help what my father does. I'm as lonely and friendless as you. I wish he didn't sell the dreadful stuff."

Velma's loving heart responded in a

Velma's loving heart responded in a gentle smile, the quickly starting tear and pressure of the hand, which told these kindred hearts how strong a bond of sympathy and suffering united them A conveyance was soon procured an A conveyance was soon procured and Velma was taken home. Agnes supported her on the way like a sister and did not leave her until late.

Velma's school life was ended for that winter, but she was cheered by daily visits of Agnes, who read to her and talked from the fulness of a well-trained mind.

mind.

Agness, too, was motherless. Her father failing in mercantile pursuits, had taken up his present business in spite of the entreaties of his wife who abhorred the traffic. She had died about a year before, and Agnes was left alone with only her governess, ostracised, like Velma, as "the saloon-keeper's daughter."

Toward spring Velma was better and began to think of going back to school, but her soul shrank from the ordeal. Then it was Agnes proposed her plant to have her friend share her lonely school-room. Strange to say Mr. Dunsmore fa-

it was stranged so that she could pay Miss Thornton by helping her in various ways and not feel as if she were accept-ing anything from the bounty of her

CHAPTER H.

Velma's thraidom was over. To be sure she still had hard fare and harder words, but there was steadily growing up within her a light whose beams largely dispelled the shadows of her dark lot. On golden wings flew by the hours which these two friends spent together in the beautiful schoolroom of Agnes' home, with dear Miss Thornton ever at hand, to suggest and explain and guide these motherless girls. This school-room had been the private parlor of Agnes' mother. It contained not only the appointment of a school-room but also a window of flowers, a choice little library, and a piano. To poor Velma it was a paradise. Agnes, who was three years her senior, had a refining influence on her more rugged nature. Music, too, exerted influence on her fine mind; and her nature began to turn to happiness, like flowers to the stin. Thus four years passed.

Meanwhille her father disappeared and was never heard from, leaving his family utterly destitute. At the stagestion of Velma, the family took in washing, coarse sewing, or whatever any one of them could do to keep them from starvation. Velma never shrank from her duty. She rose early, and toiled hard before going to study at Agnes'

starvation. Velma never shrank from her duty. She rose early, and toiled hard before going to study at Agnes' side, after returning worked cheerfully until late.; ars. Roberts, although still bitter against her "high intitions" grad-ually ceased to persecute her and was somewhat grateful for the efficient help the girl rendered in keeping the wolf from the door.

from the door.

As Velma grew older she longed for a little room by herself. These had once been a small addition of logs on the been a small addition of logs on the south side, but all except the walls had been in decay for years. Having saved a little money, Velma got the eldest boy, with the help of a carpenter, to refurnish it with a roof, a door, a window, and a rough board floor. A bedstead was rudely nailed together and furnished with a straw bed. One by one a rough table, a small stove, a wash-basin rough table, a small stove, a was and pitcher, some shelves, a looking glass, pegs for her clothes, a mat in front of her bed and a little rocking chair found their way in.

One who has never been without such

necessaries can form no idea of the pleas-ure these simple things gave Velma. When she had curtained the window in white, and hung some simple framed prints, and arranged her few books, it was to her a bower of beauty. All day she labored, but this was her retreat for she labored, but this was her retreat for a leisure moment. Sitting by the pleasant wirdow in her little rocker, her busy thoughts keeping time with her swift needle, she spent some of the happiest and most profitable hours of her life.

Thus time passed on until, from the sudden calling away of Miss Thornton, both girls thought it best to enter the academy and were admitted to an advanced class. Velma obtained the position of under-teacher, for which she received her tuition and \$15 a month, beeived her tuition and \$15 a month, be ceived her tuition and \$15 a month, being able at the same time to carry on her studies with her class. Here she met with gratifying success both as teacher and pupil. Her instructors admired her for her brilliant mind and correct scholarship, and her pupils, especially the poorer ones, for her winsome ways and gentle sympathy. Envy and jealousy still followed her hard won success, but they had lost mitch of their power

but they had lost much of their power Nearly two years had passed, and great excitement was aroused, when as graduation day approached, it was announced that the at annual exhibition a nounced that the at annual exhibition a great prize would be awarded to the one who should write and present the best essay. This prize was no less than the full scholarship at the best college in the state.

state. Velma's heart throbbed violently when she heard of it. She had grown sad of late, thinking what would be her life when she should leave the academy. The knowledge she had acquired had but added fuel to the flame of her desire for more, Because she thought she could earn more if she were better educated. It would be hotly contested; but she re-solved to try. She felt as if her destiny

She choose a subject in which both heart and mind were engrossed. Her blan was approved, and she set to work with a wearing intensity. She wrote it corrected it, rewrote it, and still unsatisied wrote it over again carefully, weigh ing every synonym, and polishing here and there a sentence. It was; finished at last. She could not tell how good it was she only knew it was true.

Velma had hoped to be able to dress like the other girls at the exhibition, but alas for all her hopes, Mrs. Roberts fell ill and it took almost her last cent to

pay the doctor's bill and buy the necessaries. What should she do? She would have given up appearing had not the hope of the prize spurred her on. At last she consulted the lady principal, who told her to wear the best she had, that they wanted the account of the that they wanted the essay, not the dress, and that one who had endured so much should not shrinkfrom so trifling an ordeal.

The most appropriate dress she had

was a light print, but it was new and made by her own hand after a dainty pattern, and fitted her fine form perfect-ly. When the evening came she braided her beautiful hair and in its waves placed some bright geraniums. Her neck and wrists were adorned with soft lace, and at her throat and belt were more of the delicate blossoms. She had never looked so well, and this consciouness added lightness to her step and confi-

dence to her timid manner.

The exhibition passed on as exhibitions do until the competitors for the prize were called. Six essays were read amid applause. There were two more, James Gregory was called. A noble looking country boy responded with a thought-ful, manly address. This brought down ful, manly address. This brought down the house and everybody (except the teachers who placed Velma last, well knowing the power of their protege) decided that the scholarship belonged to this sturdy son of toil. Another pause—people were getting tired and fanning themselves restlessly, wishing it was over. The last one was called, and Velma stepped forward with downcast eyes and flushing cheek. All were surprised at her graceful appearance and intellectual bearing.

her graceful appearance and intellectual bearing.

Nerving herself for a life and death struggle (as she felt it), she began in perfectly distinct yet not loud tone. Every sound was hushed as the speaker, buoyed up by the magnetism of a large and attentive audience, gradually forgot all but the theme she was presenting. The essay was a collection of deep, heartfelt truths, artistically arranged and eloquently expressed by this earnest young speaker. She closed with a few simple words born unconsciously of the discipline of her own hard lot.

She paused almost breathless, and was She paused almost breathless, and was

She paused almost oreatness, and was leaving the stage in silence, when a storm of applause broke on her ear and she was recalled amid a shower of flowers.

An irrepressible urchin on the front seat shouted, "Hooray for the calico Everybody laughed and clapped their

hands.

James Gregory turned pale. He knew it was all over with him. The eyes of the gentle Velma filled with tears as she saw his pain.

He saw in her face what she would

He saw in her face what she would say, and smiling bravely, he said to his class mate: "Do not feel sorry for me, Velma, I can afford to lose it better than you could. I am poor, but I am strong, and can work my way through college better than a tender girl like you."

With this the noble fellow turned away by himself to smother his disappointment and regain his composure.

The judges now officially announced Velma as the winner, and there was again the sound of acclamation. She was at once surrounded by eager friends, of whom Agnes was the most jubilant. was at once surrounded by eager friends, of whom Agnes was the most jubilant. At last the principal came forward and introduced Mr. Langdon, the generous donor. Both were surprised and overjoyed. In him she beheld the gentleman who years before had bought her first book and urged her to get an education.

when Vehas was once more at home in her humble little room, she could only drop on her knees and murmur over and over again "Father. I thank thee!"

Blessings, like sorrow, seldom come

singly. Within a week her benefactor and his matronly wife had induced Velma to go sway with them as their adopted daughter, Mr. Langdon having kindly arranged for the payment of a comfortable stipend to Mrs. Roberts.

In the bosom of a true home, and in the love of a dear father and mother, Velma found repose of mind and that rest from toll which she so much needed. At the suggestion of Mr. Langdon she sent the prize scholarship to the foor lad who worked so hard for it.

it.

Then followed a successful college course, broken only by the death of gentle Agnes whose pure spirit plumed it's flight for heaven from Velma's faithful arms.

A trip to Europe soon polished bright the jewel we found in the rough. All went including Harry, how a tali young man, who had such a filial disposition that he soon made Velma feel the necessity of becoming a real daughter of his parents:

of his parents:

But does Velma yield herself entirely

to the delights of a cultured taste and the pleasures of wealth? Not so. She is ever the thoughtful, industrious Velma. ever the thoughtful, industrious Velma. In poor girls she takes a warm interest. With the trustees of three institutions she has placed portions of her wealth, the interest of which is devoted to the maintainance of poor but deserving girls while struggling to get an education. Often does she say that, although it is hard for a poor girl to rise in this world, it can be accomplished by an unconquerable spirit.

Personalities. Mr. John P. Howard, the Vermont philanthropist, who has given nearly philanthropist, who has given nearly \$250,000 to various objects, amassed most of his fortune in New York in the hotel business. He has resided for many years in Burlington, Vt., where he is universally beloved for his good deeds. His latest benefaction is to the University of Vermont, and is a statue of Lafayette by J. Q. A. Ward. It will be publicly unveiled in September.

It is thought by many officers that the

It is thought by many officers that the bodies of De Long and his companions cannot be brought home at this season.

Melville told Danenhower he intended to bury them in the frozen ground near Belun. It is a singular fact that the ground thaws only a few feet, and below the ground on which the crops are raised in the attribute it. in the summer it remains frozen throughout the year, and at this depth organic matter would be preserved from

decomposition.

A writer in Ill. Progreso Italiano Americano, of New York city, tells this story of Garibaldi's residence on Staten Island with his friend Meucci, still living at Clifton: "One day soon after his arrival, having neither money nor work as rival, having neither money nor work as yet, the general took a small piece of bread and a little slice of meat at breakfast, and went out for the day. On his return at night he tendered to Meucci's wife, the Signora Easter, in part payment of his board, a small white rabbit which a countryman had given him."

A man named Harry Anderson, who

was recently arrested as a lunatic at Chattanocca, Tenn., had been missing from his home in Jeffersonville, Ind., since the last presidential election. When he read of Hancock's defeat he umped from his seat suddenly and dis-appeared. He had considerable money in bank when he left and carried away about three thousand dollars. He was a man of very exemplary character, and appears to have been crazed by the failure of his hope for his political party. In 1857 Mrs. Thoreau, mother of the

amous author, then in her seventieth year, with her daughter Sophia, called one day tipon Miss Emerson, who was then eighty-four years old. Mrs. Thoreau wore bonnet ribbons of considerable length and of rather a gaudy hue. All through the hour's conversation, Miss Emerson kept her eyes tightly closed, and then, as her guests departed said: "Perhaps you noticed, Mrs. Tho said: Pernaps you noticed, arts, the reau, that I closed my eyes during your call. I did so because I did not wish to look on the ribbons you are wearing so unsuitable for a child of God, and a per-

zon of your years."

Zenas Perry Moody, the governor-elect of Oregon, is a native of Granby in elect of Oregon, is a native of Granby in Hampshire county, Mass., son of the late Major Thomas H. Moody, and is fifty years old. He was living at Chicopee; and when he left for Oregon, over thirty years ago, he went with a party that was organized by A. M. Thurston, composed of quite a large number of persons from Springfield, Chicopee and its vicinity. They went in a sailing vessel around the Horn. Mr. Moody has been elected to various important public offices in his adopted state, and had been among the foremost of its citizens in promoting all public enterprises.

John Scott Russell, the eminent en-

John Scott Russell, the eminent enrineer whose death was recently announced, was born in 1808, and was son of the Rev. David Russell. He was educated at the universities of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and early showed a predilection for practical mechanics. On the death of Sir John Leslie he was elected to fill temporarily the chair of Natural Philosophy in the university of Edinburgh. He left Edinburgh to suc-ced Mr. Caird of Greenock, as manager ceed Mr. Caird of Greenock, as manager of one of the largest ship-building and engineering establishments in Scotland. He left Scotland in 1844 for London, where he built the steamships Tevoit, Tay Clyde and Tweed for the West India Royal Mail company. Mr. Russell introduced his "wave system, in the building of ships in 1835. He became a member of the Royal society of Edinburgh in 1837 and the Royal society of London in 1847. Some years ago he London in 1847. Some years ago he compiled a large and costly treatise on The Model System of Naval Architecture for Commerce and War, which was illustrated by 150 engravings.

Medical Instruction for Women, The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." so well known to every American household, in her latest work pronounces strongly in favor of opening the medical profession to women. In an essay on "Decayed Gentlewomen," she

Without opening a medical discussion without opening a medical discussion, I wish to give it as my distinct opinion—in which numbers more of my sex agree—that women, and women only, should be employed, not merely as monthly nurses, but (why not use the old Bible word) as midwives. We are apt to forget that childbirth is not a discusse, but a natural event in which nature. apt to forget that childbirth is not a disease, but a natural event in which nature can generally take care of herself, if aided by care, caution, and above all, patience. It is that quality of patience—so much greater in our sexthan the other—which makes it desirable, if for no other reason, that the obstetric art should fall exclusively into the hands of women—not ignorant, but educated women—who at the critical hour and afterwards can use their brains as well as their hearts, their intelligence and sympathy as well as their practical skill and experience."

Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Mayor of London.

Sir John Whittaker Ellis, Bart., Lord-Mayor of London, is said to be one of the ablest men in the long line of Whittington's successors. At 9 every morning he takes his place at his desk in the Mansion House, he devotes the first hour to details of his own private business; and whether it be the value of a ducal territory or the pattern of the paper on the walls of a cottage back kitchen, the topic in hand absorbs for the time his undivided attention. At 10 o'clock he begins official work in the same spirit, and for hours is busy with a most amazing medley of affairs. In the afternoon, clad in elaborate civic robes, and attended by swork and mace bearers and an escort of police, he goes about the city in his state chariot, drawn by four horses, to discharge all manner of municipal functions. And even his evenings are generally devoted to public receptions or banquets at the Mansion House or the hall of some of the old city guilds. Sir John is a cripple, his right leg having been broken and badly set some years ago, and had he been made a knight instead of a barcnet, it is doubtful if he quild have knelt to receive the accolade.

Scientific Abstraction.

Griffin, Edison's private secretary, one told me a funnily characteristic story of the manner in which Edison came to get married. The idea was first sugges by an intimate friend who made the point that he needed a mistress to preside over his big house, which was being managed by a housekeeper and several servants. I dare say the idea had never occurred to him before, for be it known he is the shyest and most bashful of men, but he seemed pleased with the proposition, and timidly inquired whom he should marry. The friend somewhat testily replied. "anyone"; that a man who had so little sentiment in his soul as to ask such a question ought to be satisfied with anything that wore a petticoat and was decent, and concluded by saying: "There are a number of nice girls employed in your factory over yonder; they aren't especially refined or cultivated, I must confess, but they are respectable, and that is the main consideration after all." point that he needed a mistress to preside

Edison looked them all over, and after raking his selection, put the question plumply to her. It was Edison's way of doing business, but it embarrassed the young lady all the same. Sheasked time to consider, and Edison granted her a week. At the end of this time she accepted him, and they were married cepted him, and they were married without delay. They had decided to visit the New-England states and Canada and make quite an extensive tour As the bridal party drove to the station they passed his laboratory. Turning to his wife, Edison excused himself for a few minutes, saying there were some matter that needed his attention and that he would be at the station in time for the would be at the station in time for the train. The train came and went and so did several others, but no Edison. The bride, who knew his peculiarities, finally drove back to the house and waited here. leige load's pleasure. She never saw him again for forty-eight hours. Im mersed in some idea that had suddenly occurred to him, he became oblivious to brides, honeymoons or anything else.

Breedets Should be Farmers

reeder's Gazette. We have more than once emphasized the fact that general farmers are properly to be classed as breeders. For some of our readers it is worth while to empha size the kindred fact that breeders are

also farmers. The difference between fair profit and heavy loss from a stud of horses, or herd of cattle or pigs, or flock of sheep, may lie not alone in question of good selection of animals, good pedigrees and sound principals of breeding, but also in careful or careless management of the details of farming. One who is raising valuable a rightle articular afford tails of farming. One who is raising valuable animals can perhaps better afford to use his land to poor advantage than can he who raises common stock; but loss will come to him from bad management of his pastures, of his grain fields, or of his labor, as certain as it will come to the general farmer.

Some breeders pay quite too little attention to such questions as the drainage of pastures and meadows; the full stocking of the rastures; the selection of suitable

of the pastures; the selection of suitable varieties of corn and oats, the utilization of waste products of the farm etc. There of waste products of the farm etc. There are cases in which it is cheaper for a breeder to buy feed for his stock than for him to produce it on his farm, but these are exceptional rather than the rule. There is no good reason why the man who grows good stock should not also grow good hay, corn, cats, roots etc. In fact, the better taste and greater enterprise manifested by his choice of improved animals, ought to be qualifications for good farming in all departments. The sooner all breeders of improved stock cease or to think of this work anything else than an important part of the tock cease or to think of this work any hing else than an important part of th business of agriculture the better. Good business management is needed in raising fine cattle or nogs as

much as in growing corn. The Baking Powder War.

The Royal Baking Powder Company is still making enemies among those who are manufacturing and selling impure articles for leavening threads and pure articles for leavening purposes [and their name is legion], and this fact shows the interests of the public. This com-pany set out some time ago to expose the character, and so far as possible to break up the sale of adulterated baking powders. Having found from an examnation of a number of specimens procured from grocers that they were generally of an inferior chracter, some devoid of all leavening properties an

void of all leavening properties and mains of them actually poisonous, it brought the matter before the public, denounced the makers by name in the press and to the authorities. The affair was speedily taken up by physicians, Boards of Health and Legislatures throughout the country, chemists were employed to make scientific tests of the various powders in the market, and the Government itself directed analyses to be made before it would purchase the be made before it would purchase the be made before it would purchase the supplies needed for army, navy and Indian uses. The result more than justified the charges so boldly made by the Royal Company. Not only were the majority of baking towders in the market found to be largely adulterated, but many of them were ascertained to contain alum of them were ascertained to contain alum and other poisonous ingredients to such an extent as to render them positively unsafe for use in human food. The information spread throughout the country and created a profound sensation. As a result many of these injurious mixtures were driven out of the market, and the sale of all of them seriously interfered with. No occurrence of recent date has been so far reaching as this in its beneficial influence upon the public health, and the boldness of the Royal Baking Powder Company in the inauguration of such a warpany in the inauguration of such a war-fare, and their energy in it carrying for-

pany in the inauguration of such a warfare, and their energy in it carrying forward with such important results, were
universally commented upon and appreciated. In making the charges they did
not hesitate to enter into competitionwith every other baking powder in
the country, and it is a public satisfaction
that in all the tests and analyses made
the Royal Baking Powder was placed at
fhe head of the list and declared by
Boards of Health and by the Government chemists, Drs. Mott and Love, to
be the superior of all others in strength,
and absolutely pure and free from all inferior substances.

In continuing this warfare against the
adulterated food, more particularly the
alum and otherwise impure and inferior
baking powders which unscrupulous
manufacturers are endeavoring to force
upon the market in this locality, the
Royal will undoubtedly meet with the
old time opposition and abuse. We are
confident, however, that the public will
also appreciate, as heretofore, both the
object of the "alum men" and the action
of the Royal Company, and award full
justice to the company that has so fearlessly stood up for its protection from all
such adventurers.

The Lights of Cleveland.

Have some of the stars dropped down? Has some queen of the celestial regions lost her sparkling coronet? we asked as the train approached Cleveland. "That, madame," said a passenger, with an air of immense pride, "is the Brush Electric Light, so called not because of any appliance of shoe brush, or stove brush, or whitewash brush, but from the name of the inventor, Charles Brush, of our city. He has beaten Edson and the world. Perhaps you've heard about that grand test in Paris last year, where Brush came off with flying colors, and the French were just glad to pay him \$500,000 for the patent for their country; and so it is in England; and our 'Cleveland Brush' lights the biggest depot in India, and is shining down at the Cape of Good Hope, and it wouldn't be strange to hear he had run up a light on to the erd of the north po'e. Any way, if any Has some queen of the celestial regions to hear he had run up a light on to the erd of the north po'e. Any way, if any body ever does it, it will be Charlie Brush. Those lights we see, Madame, are on the top of a mast made of boiler plate, 200 feet high; two of these masts in the city. We find it the cheapest way to light the park, twenty per cent. cheaper than by anything else going."

Harvesting is in progress in south Kansas. The yield of wheat is heavy,

HOUSE AND FARM

Farming Notes Commissioner Loring, perhaps with mischievous enjoyment, gives the statismischievous enjoyment, gives the statistics of the sorghum experiments of his predecessor, Le Duc. Out of 135 acres planted in the District of Columbia, frost spoiled 42, and the remainder yielded 165 pounds of sugar. The outlay was \$8,557, which made the sugar cost \$51.31 1-2 a pound. A cup of Le Duc's Carolina tea, sweetened with a spoonful of his District of Columbia sugar, would be a nice thing for a poor man to pay for, at cost price, especially as he probably couldn't drink it.

In view of the fact that asparagus produces pistillate and staminate flowers on separate plants, it is the advice and practice of some good cultivators of this delicious and enduring early geen to set the roots very near together in the rows and then persistently pull or dig out all stalks that bear fruitful blossoms before the red berries open to scatter their seeds, which would spring up so their seeds, which would spring up so thickly as to form very troublesome weeds. For if this superfluous volun-teer growth is allowed to remain, the bed in the course of a few years becomes so heavily stocked that the product is degenerated to a smallness and tough-ness of spears unsatisfactory for the table.

Twelve thousand far mers from Holland, with considerable capital, are preparing to emigrate to Charles Mix county, Dakota, having received flatter-ing accounts of the territory from some of their countrymen who have settled

Not one of the eastern states of the plies for its own population. There is a constant drain of food products from the states of the enterior and the west, found necessary to supply the wants of these eastern people. Union produces enough of food sup-

The pepperment crop of the United States reaches about 70,000 pounds a year, of which 30,000 pounds are exported. Two-thirds of the peppermint oil of this country is produced in New York and about one-third in Michigan.

Varieties.

YELLOW ON WOLLEN.-Boil a quantity of smart-weed in a brass kettle an hour, then take out the herb, and having the yarn perfectly clean boil it in this, using alum to set the color. This dye will not

Rose Currings, according to "Hender son's Practical Floriculture," should be made when the shoot develops the flower-bud. The cuttings are plunged in sand, which is kept soaked in water until roots are formed, the temperature of the sand being within 5 degrees of 65 degrees and of the atmospheric air 15 degrees less. Hence cuttings are bet-ter made in the winter months.

WHALEBONES .- If these are encased in muslin and sewed firmly at each end. muslin and sewed firmly at each end, then fastened to the seams of the waist, these being first laid open, they will wear the goods less than when sewed into the seams. The upper end of the bone should be free for an inch or so. This permits the play on the end of the bone so it will not cause the outer goods to wear, and it will not be pushed through them.

through them. YELLOW ON COTTON.-Dissolve one ounce of bichcromate of potash in warm ounce of bichcromate of potash in warm water, and two ounces of sugar-of-lead in hot water. (Wooden or earthen dishes must be used for this dye.) Wring first from the sugar-of-lead solution, then from the bichcromatetill the color is dark enough. By dipping the dyed goods in perfectly clear boiling lime-water a beautiful orange is obtained. Always rinse well. Dip in the sugar-of-lead last before dipping in the limewater.

water. RASPBERRY ICE.-With a pound of raspberries mix eight ounces of sugar. the juice of two lemons and a quart of cream or new milk; rub the whole through a tamis or hair seieve, put in the freezer and stir until frozen. Let the cream remain in the ice till it is to serve. Strawbe

or currents and raspberries mixed. Cabbage for Stock. Nearly 5,000 heads of cabbage can be grown on an acre of ground, if the plants are set a yard each way. The size of the

heads and weight in tons depend on the mannife and method of gultivation, but as high a yield as thirty tons to the acre is not uncommon in New England. It is an acre of cabbages will produce more food than any other crop; that in feedfood than any other crop; that in feed-ing them to dairy cows they do not in-jure the quality of milk or butter, and that they not only increase the yield, but furnish green succulent food in winter for cattle, hogs, sheep and poul-try. They are easily kept during winter, either by burying the heads in the ground or by storing them in trenches with the roots down and heads up, covering with straw and boards. The latter method is better where they are to be fed every day. The cutting away of the heads leaves the stalks standing, which heads leaves the stalks standing, which sprout in the spring, to furnish excellent greens for the table at a time when such are scarce. The disposition to market cabbages is generally too strong to permit of feeding tham to stock; but if a careful comparison is made between their market value and the benefit derived from them in feeding, no objection will be made to using them for such purposes. Cabbages contian a fair proportion of nitrogen, and the outer leaves are more nutritious than the heart. No matter whether they are sold or fed on the farm, they are always profitable in favorable seasons.

Wheat and Weeds: It is generally acknowledged that is growing unusually luxuriant this spring, and a slow growth and feeleness of weeds is also manifest. A year ago of weeds is also manifest. A year ago the weeds grew luxuriant and the wheat was feeble and of slc w growth. The ground was equally scorched and baked by drouths last summer and the summer before. But last winter the ground was excessively frozen, but was tempered by abundant moisture, and a vigorous growth of weeds followed for future protection. Wheat gives very limited protection to ground from summer heat and winter cold. While land produces good crops of wheat it is usually plowed immediately after the crop is harvested, thus exposing the ground to the heat and drouth of the latter part of the summer, and it remains almost bare during autumn and winter, even when sown to fall or winter wheat. When land fails to grow wheat, and vigorous growing weeds spring forth, it is either allowed to have its way or a crop is planted which gives so me summer, fall and winter protection to the soil. Vegetation grows for the purpose of protecting the soil from the extremes of heat and cold, and when a crop is persistently sown which gives insufficient protection. It refuses to grow after a time, and vegetation springs forth which is more likely to give the required protection. The enormous rainfall since last fall, and the mild winter have tempered the soil so it produces a luxuriant growth of wheat. Even the sun-scorched and frost-bitten old fields in the spring will probably yield fair crops of wheat this year, if grasshopers keep out of the way. the weeds grew luxuriant and the wheat

Tue greatest minds often utterly fall when they attempt political prophesying. Chateaubriand said, "In flity years there will be not be a legitimate sovereign in Europe. I foresee nothing but military despotism." De Tocquerville said that if the southern states of this county should resolve to separate from said that if the southern states of this county should resolve to separate from the north the north would not oppose, and would fail if it did oppose. Humber of the fall ciousness of expectations of the emancipation of South America.

H. M. Lebor of Benson, Minn., im in default of \$50 fine on a charge liquor to Indians, was released from at the expiration of thirty days,